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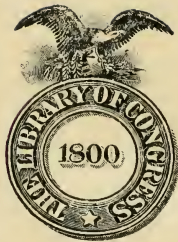
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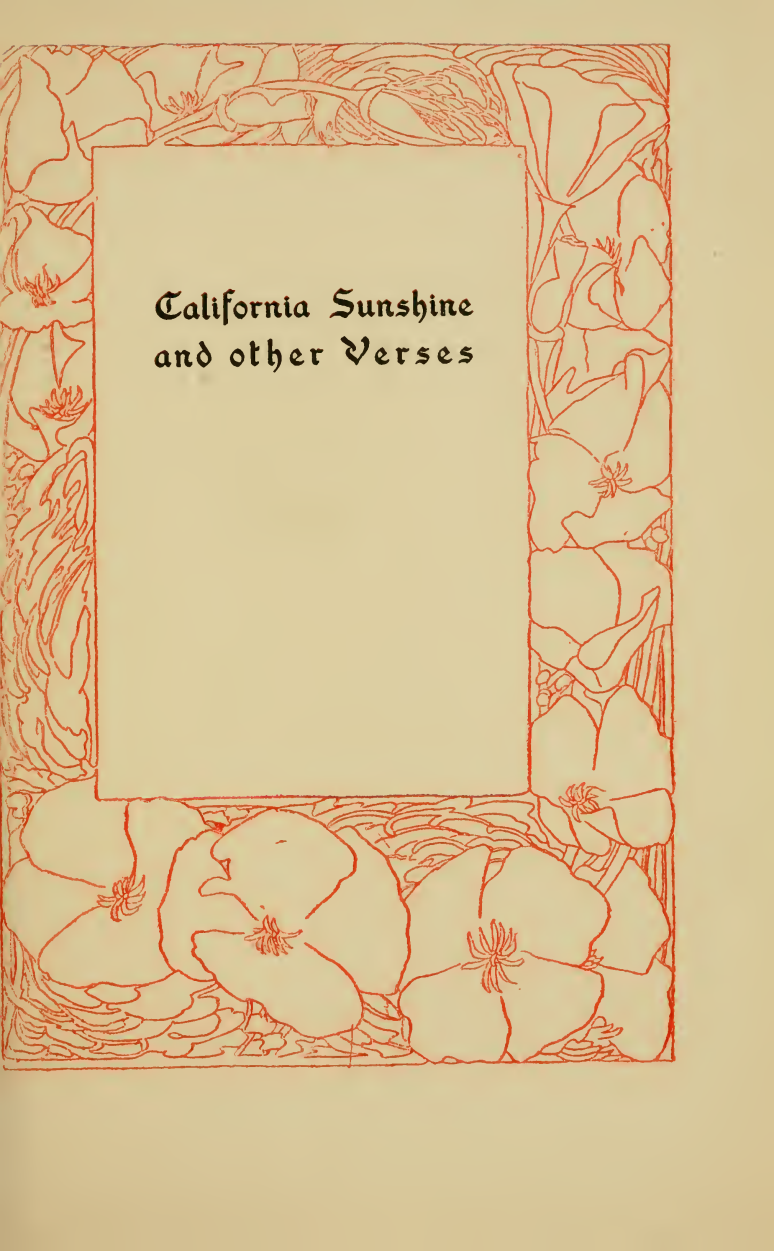
California
Sunshine

by Grace Hibbard



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California Sunshine
and other Verses





California Sunshine
and other Verses

BY
GRACE HIBBART

Monterey Cypress

From Painting by Lucia K. Mathews

REPRODUCED BY LUCIA K. MATHEWS



A. M. ROBERTSON
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
1911

From the
Museum of the
Smithsonian Institution

California Sunshine and other Verses

BY

GRACE HIBBARD

II

WITH A

FRONTISPIECE BY LUCIA K. MATHEWS



A. M. ROBERTSON
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
1911

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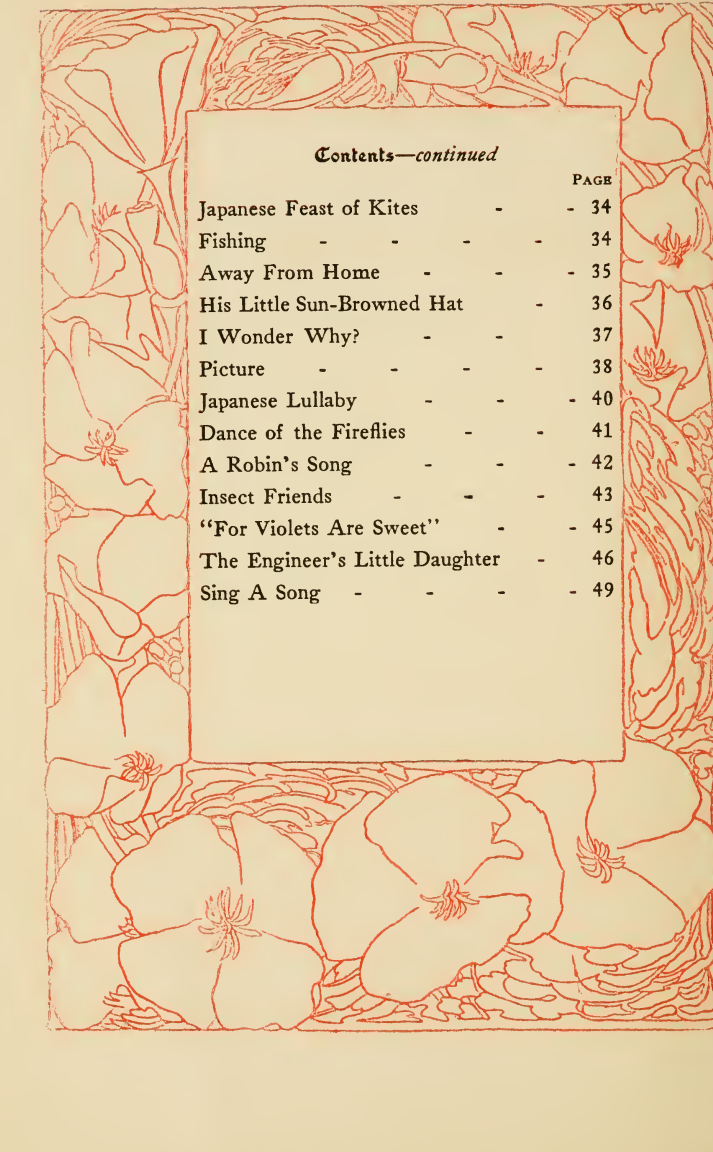
Lovingly Dedicated to
Margaret Mitchell Robertson
by Grace Hibbard





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California Sunshine





California Sunshine

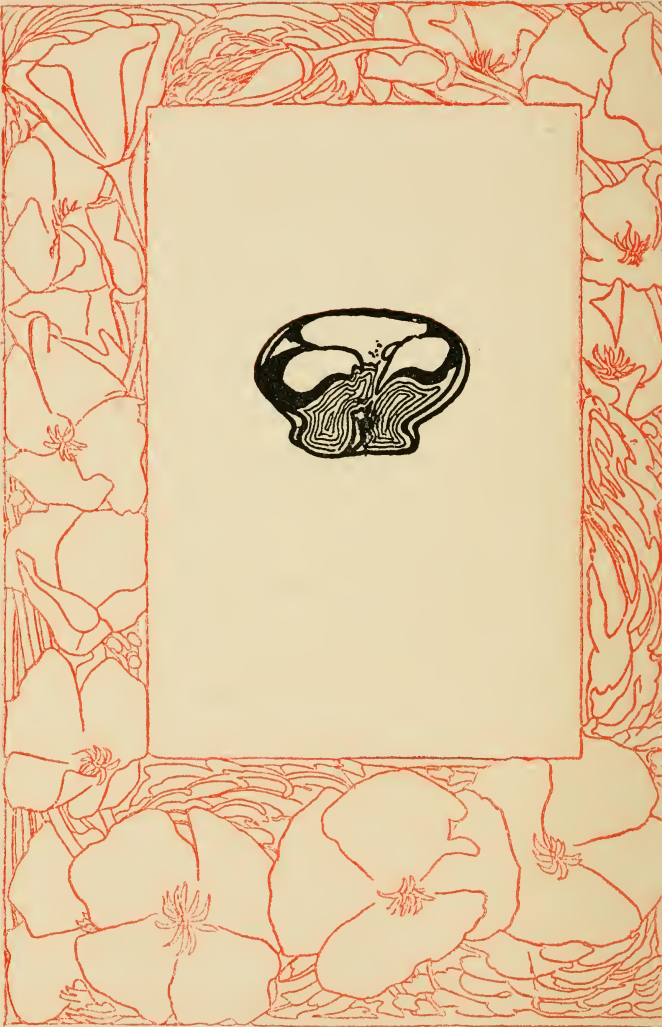
*Land where the days are as
golden bells*

*Ringing out joyous hours,
Land where the golden sun-
shine flits*

*Over the winter flowers,
Land of my heart — I fain
would tell*

*All the vain world, I love
thee well.*

GRACE HIBBARD.



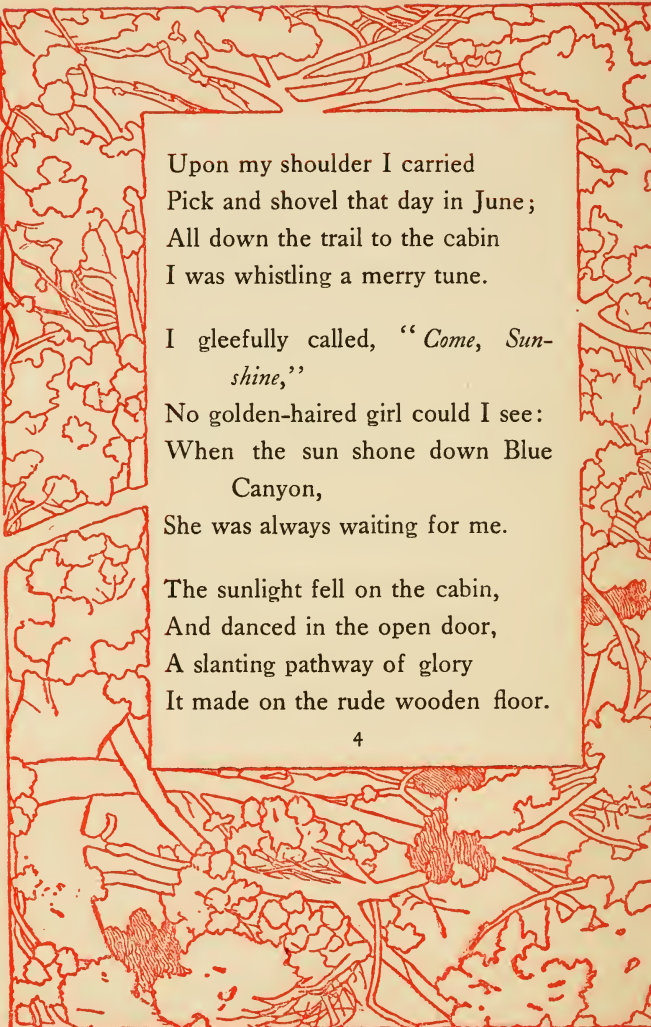


Discovery of the Sunshine Mine

I had left the tired miners
When the sun was turning to gold
The long line of purple mountains,
And the tall peaks rugged and bold.

I was just a toiling miner
At work on the "Eagle's Wing"
claim

Searching, alas! searching vainly,
Yet hoping and toiling the same.



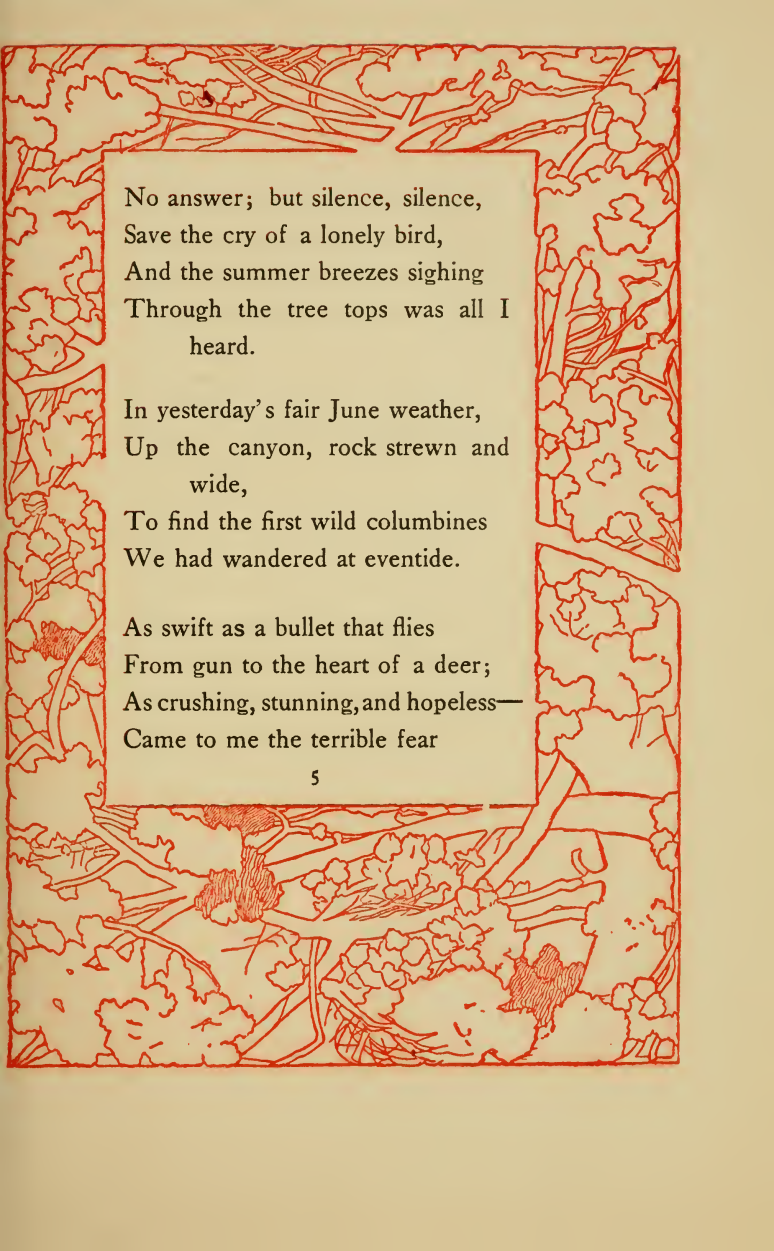
Upon my shoulder I carried
Pick and shovel that day in June;
All down the trail to the cabin
I was whistling a merry tune.

I gleefully called, "*Come, Sun-
shine,*"

No golden-haired girl could I see:
When the sun shone down Blue
Canyon,

She was always waiting for me.

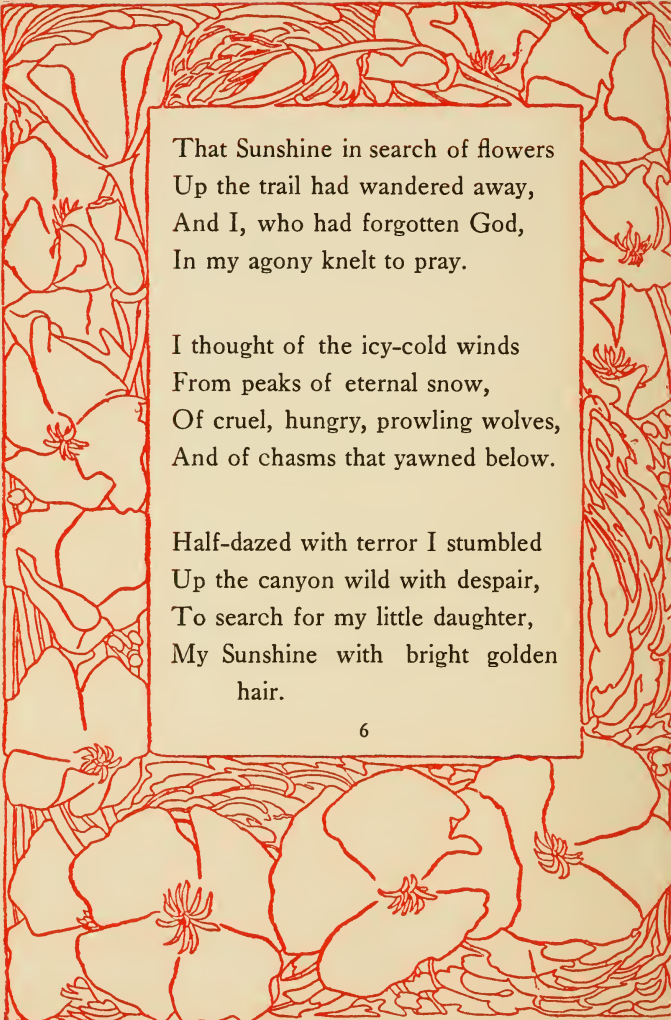
The sunlight fell on the cabin,
And danced in the open door,
A slanting pathway of glory
It made on the rude wooden floor.



No answer; but silence, silence,
Save the cry of a lonely bird,
And the summer breezes sighing
Through the tree tops was all I
heard.

In yesterday's fair June weather,
Up the canyon, rock strewn and
wide,
To find the first wild columbines
We had wandered at eventide.

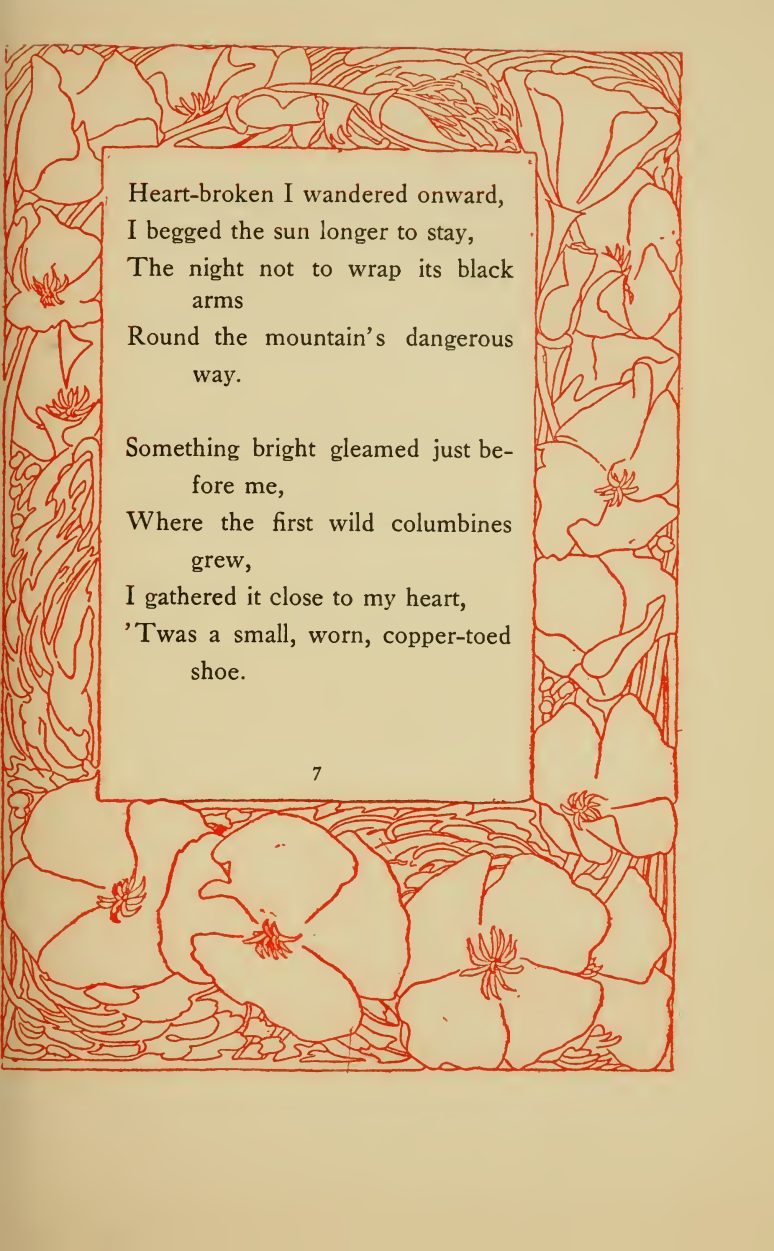
As swift as a bullet that flies
From gun to the heart of a deer;
As crushing, stunning, and hopeless—
Came to me the terrible fear



That Sunshine in search of flowers
Up the trail had wandered away,
And I, who had forgotten God,
In my agony knelt to pray.

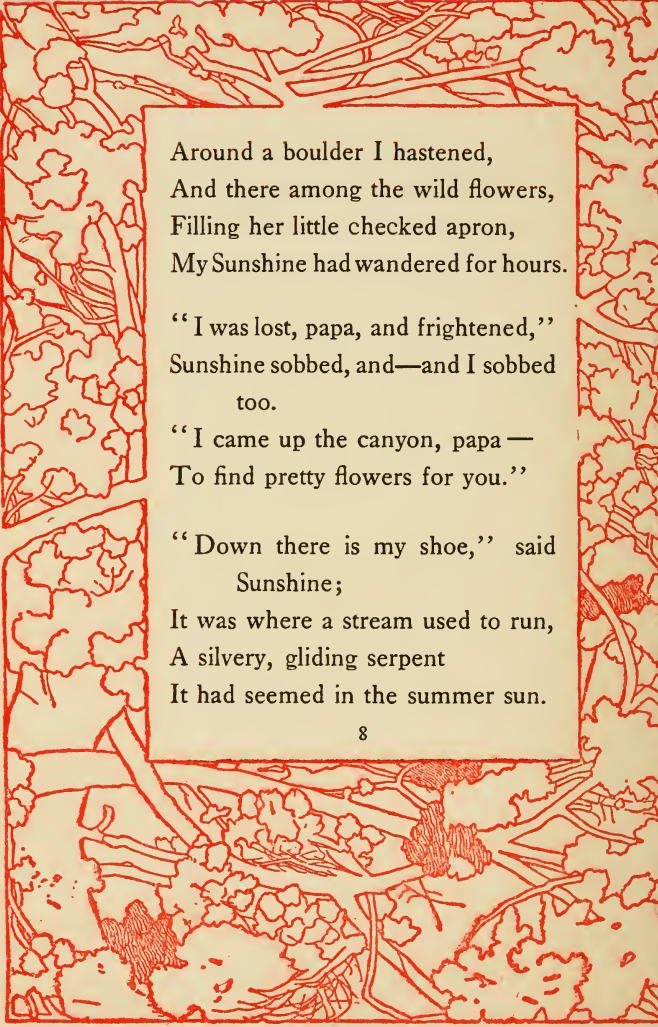
I thought of the icy-cold winds
From peaks of eternal snow,
Of cruel, hungry, prowling wolves,
And of chasms that yawned below.

Half-dazed with terror I stumbled
Up the canyon wild with despair,
To search for my little daughter,
My Sunshine with bright golden
hair.



Heart-broken I wandered onward,
I begged the sun longer to stay,
The night not to wrap its black
arms
Round the mountain's dangerous
way.

Something bright gleamed just be-
fore me,
Where the first wild columbines
grew,
I gathered it close to my heart,
'Twas a small, worn, copper-toed
shoe.

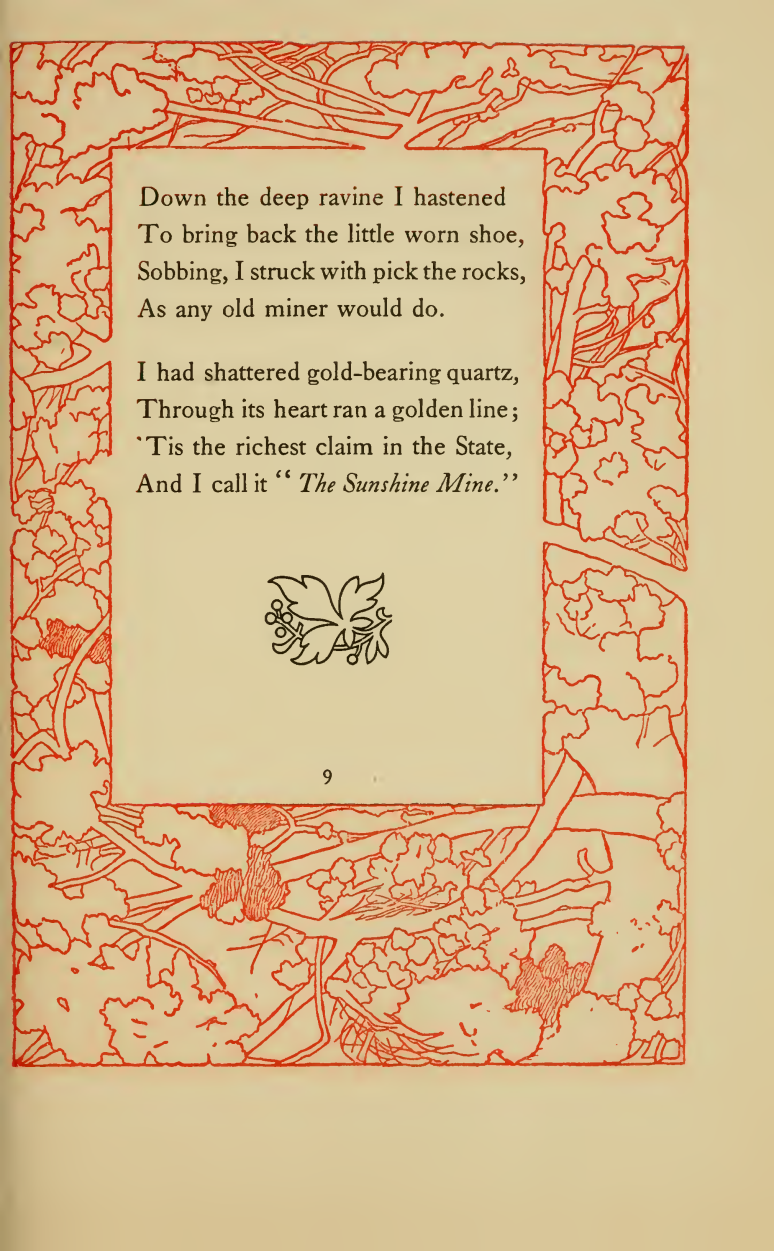


Around a boulder I hastened,
And there among the wild flowers,
Filling her little checked apron,
My Sunshine had wandered for hours.

“I was lost, papa, and frightened,”
Sunshine sobbed, and—and I sobbed
too.

“I came up the canyon, papa —
To find pretty flowers for you.”

“Down there is my shoe,” said
Sunshine;
It was where a stream used to run,
A silvery, gliding serpent
It had seemed in the summer sun.



Down the deep ravine I hastened
To bring back the little worn shoe,
Sobbing, I struck with pick the rocks,
As any old miner would do.

I had shattered gold-bearing quartz,
Through its heart ran a golden line ;
'Tis the richest claim in the State,
And I call it "*The Sunshine Mine.*"



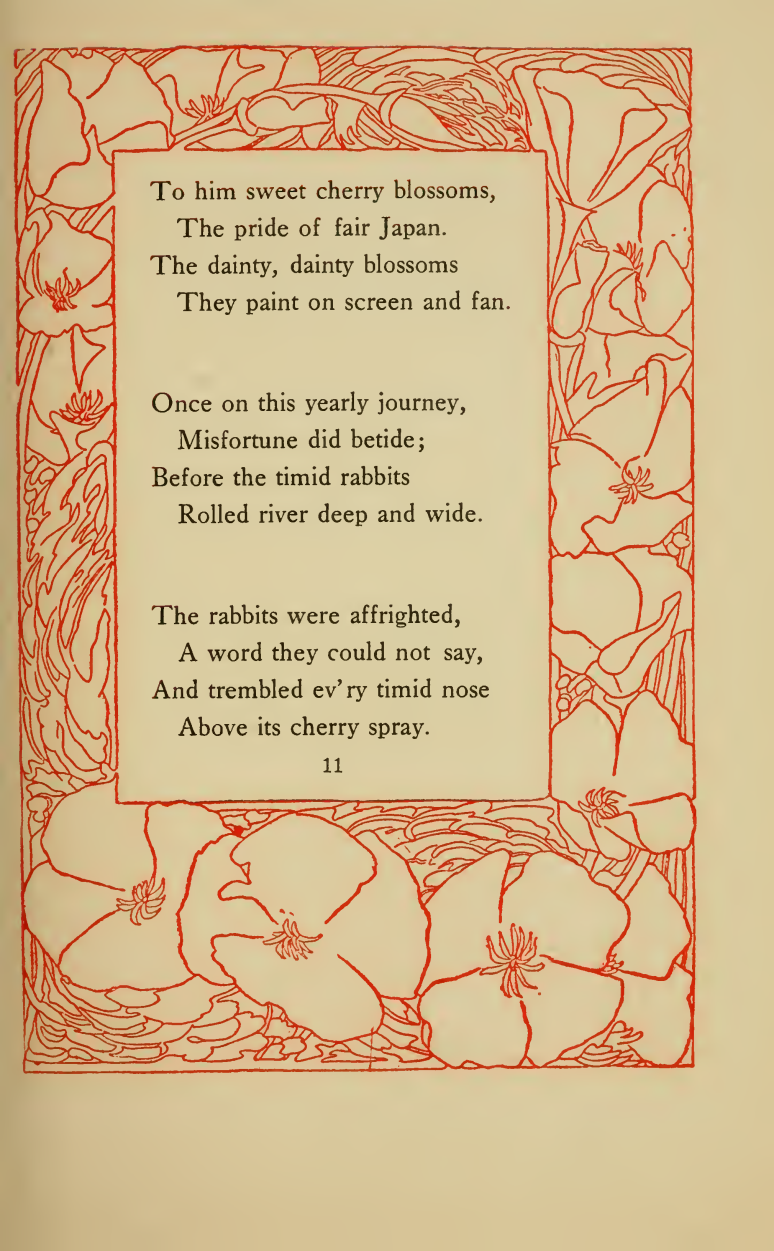


A Wonderful Bridge

Japanese Fairy Lore

There is a lofty mountain
In far away Japan,
They call it Fujiyama,
And paint it on each fan.

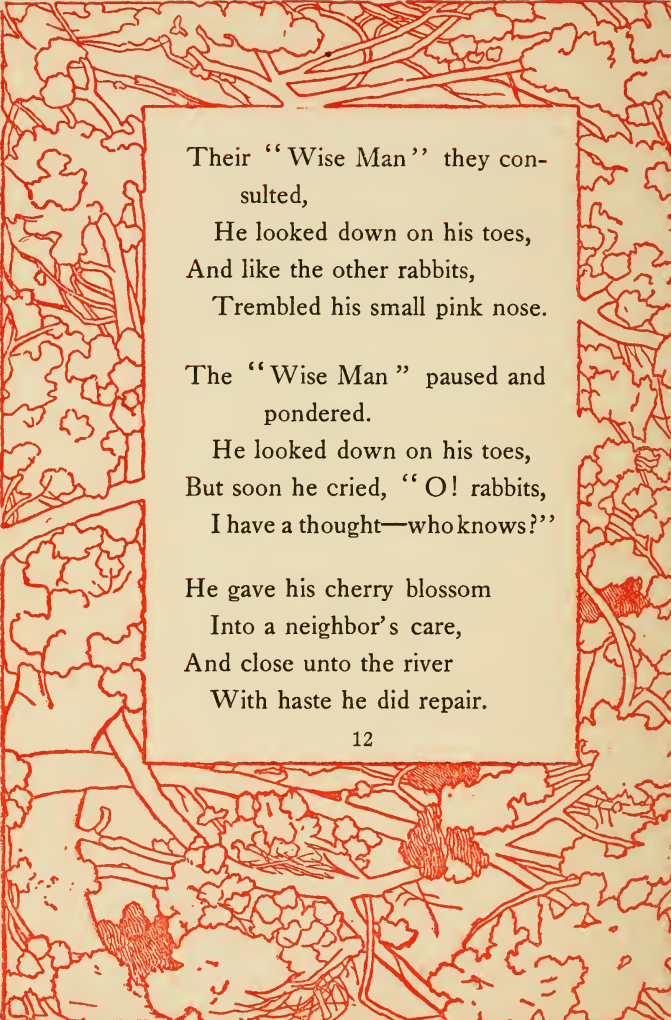
Upon this lofty mountain
Doth dwell the rabbit's king,
And ev'ry year at springtide
His loyal subjects bring



To him sweet cherry blossoms,
The pride of fair Japan.
The dainty, dainty blossoms
They paint on screen and fan.

Once on this yearly journey,
Misfortune did betide;
Before the timid rabbits
Rolled river deep and wide.

The rabbits were affrighted,
A word they could not say,
And trembled ev'ry timid nose
Above its cherry spray.



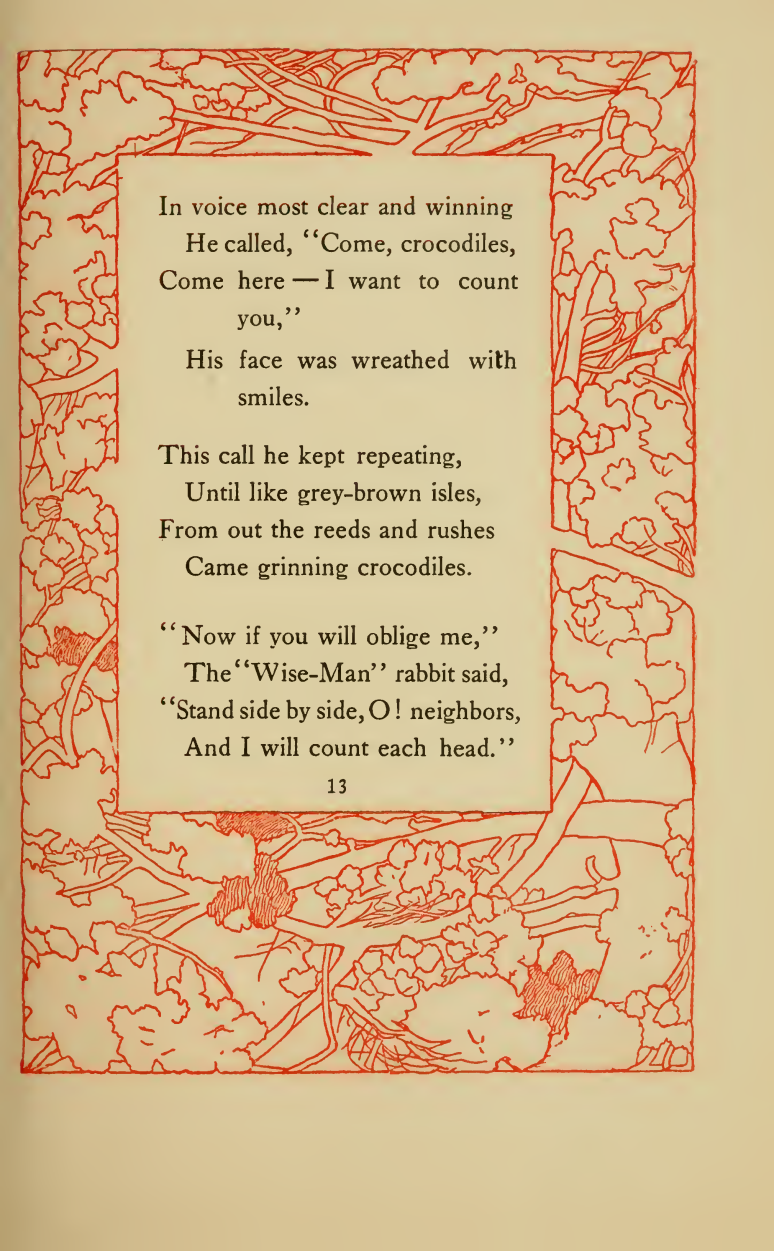
Their "Wise Man" they con-
sulted,

He looked down on his toes,
And like the other rabbits,
Trembled his small pink nose.

The "Wise Man" paused and
pondered.

He looked down on his toes,
But soon he cried, "O! rabbits,
I have a thought—who knows?"

He gave his cherry blossom
Into a neighbor's care,
And close unto the river
With haste he did repair.



In voice most clear and winning
He called, "Come, crocodiles,
Come here — I want to count
you,"

His face was wreathed with
smiles.

This call he kept repeating,
Until like grey-brown isles,
From out the reeds and rushes
Came grinning crocodiles.

"Now if you will oblige me,"
The "Wise-Man" rabbit said,
"Stand side by side, O! neighbors,
And I will count each head."

The crocodiles obliging,
Stood proudly side by side
Until they bridged the river —
The river deep and wide.

“Come on,” the “Wise-Man”
shouted,
“Rabbits, I’ll lead the way.”
Each joyous rabbit followed —
Holding his pink-white spray.





Ancestor Mine

His time-worn picture hangs upon the
wall,

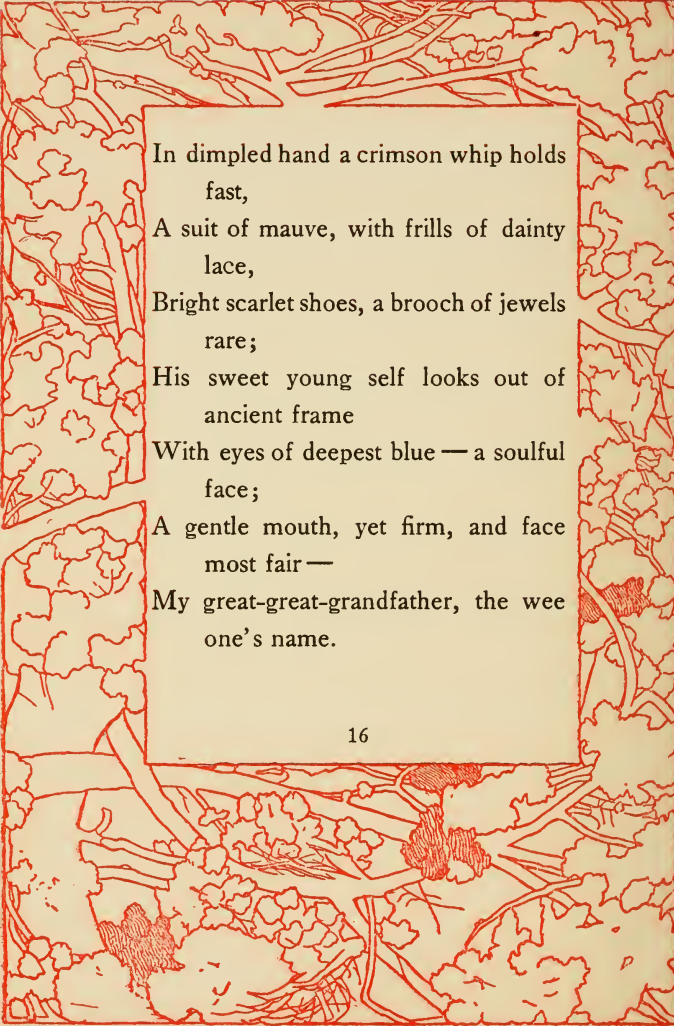
No powdered wig or queue with
ribbon tied,

No ruffled shirt, nor shoes with buckles
wide,

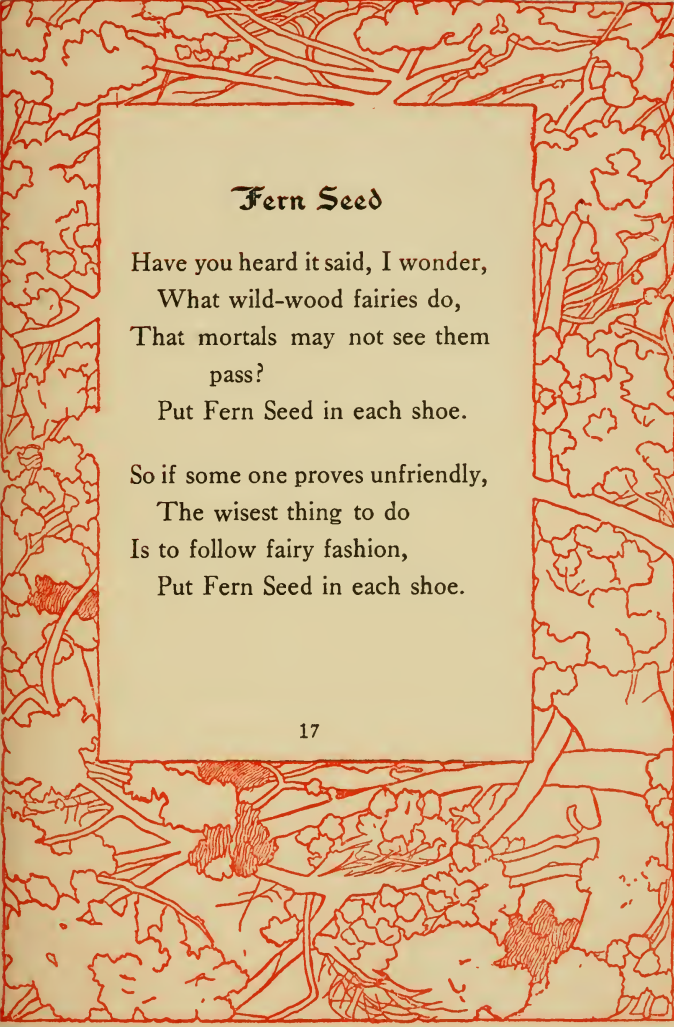
No dangling sword he wears, or feath-
ers fine,

No knighted hero he of wars long
past.

He sits in tiny elbow chair of old,
A little boy with hair of shining gold;



In dimpled hand a crimson whip holds
fast,
A suit of mauve, with frills of dainty
lace,
Bright scarlet shoes, a brooch of jewels
rare;
His sweet young self looks out of
ancient frame
With eyes of deepest blue — a soulful
face;
A gentle mouth, yet firm, and face
most fair —
My great-great-grandfather, the wee
one's name.



Fern Seed

Have you heard it said, I wonder,
What wild-wood fairies do,
That mortals may not see them
pass?

Put Fern Seed in each shoe.

So if some one proves unfriendly,
The wisest thing to do
Is to follow fairy fashion,
Put Fern Seed in each shoe.

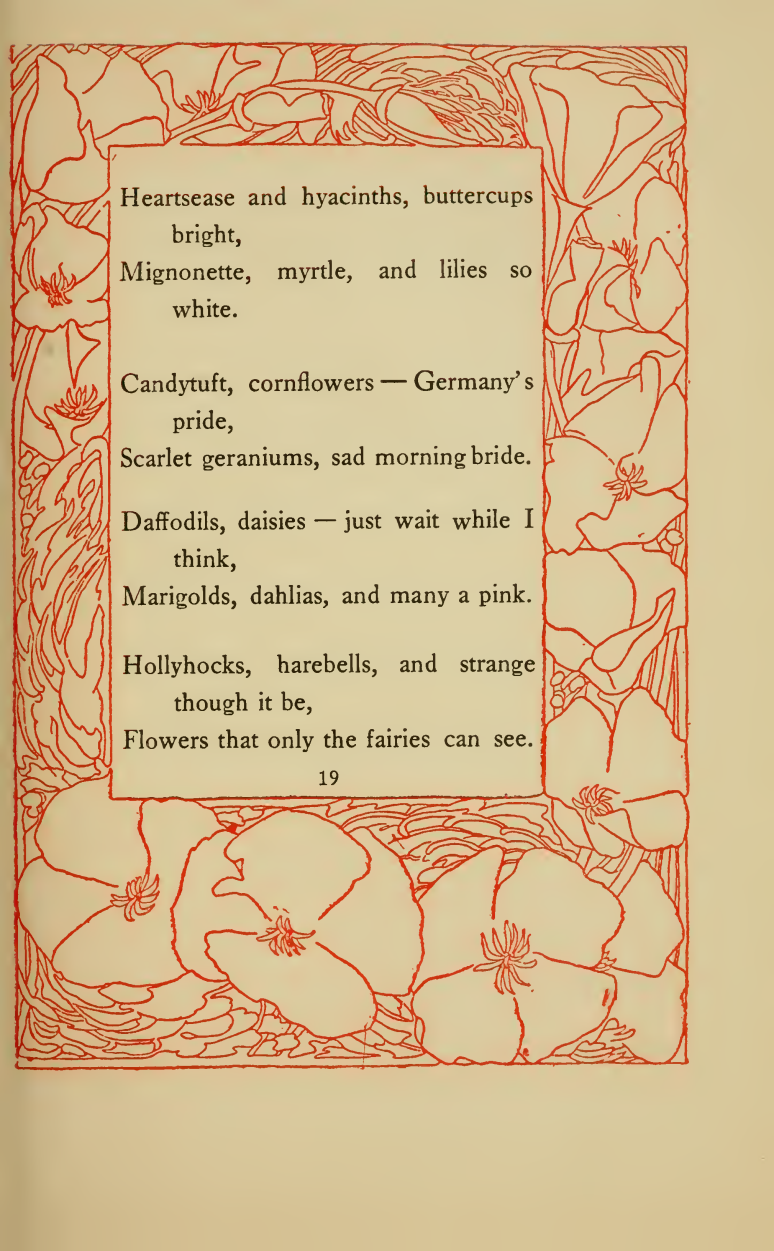


A Little Dutch Garden

There's a little Dutch garden, and oh!
it is sweet,
Abloom in the town, and not far from
the street.

The seeds were all mixed for the
fairies to sow,
Never did flowers more charmingly
grow.

There are poppies, pansies, and snap-
dragons too,
Forget-me-nots fair and violets blue.



Heartsease and hyacinths, buttercups
bright,
Mignonette, myrtle, and lilies so
white.

Candytuft, cornflowers — Germany's
pride,
Scarlet geraniums, sad morning bride.

Daffodils, daisies — just wait while I
think,
Marigolds, dahlias, and many a pink.

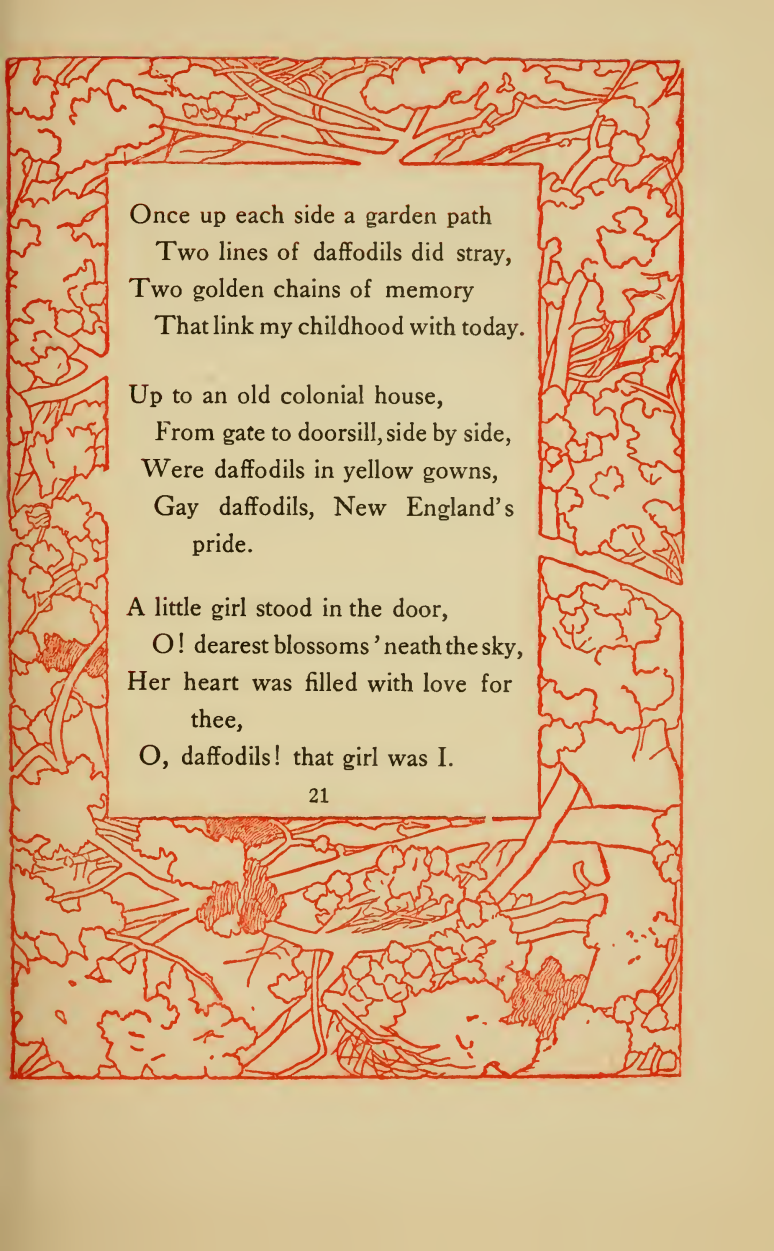
Hollyhocks, harebells, and strange
though it be,
Flowers that only the fairies can see.



Daffodils

O, daffodils! bright daffodils,
I'd sell my other loaf for thee;
Thou art so dear — I love thee so,
That thou art soul-bread unto me.

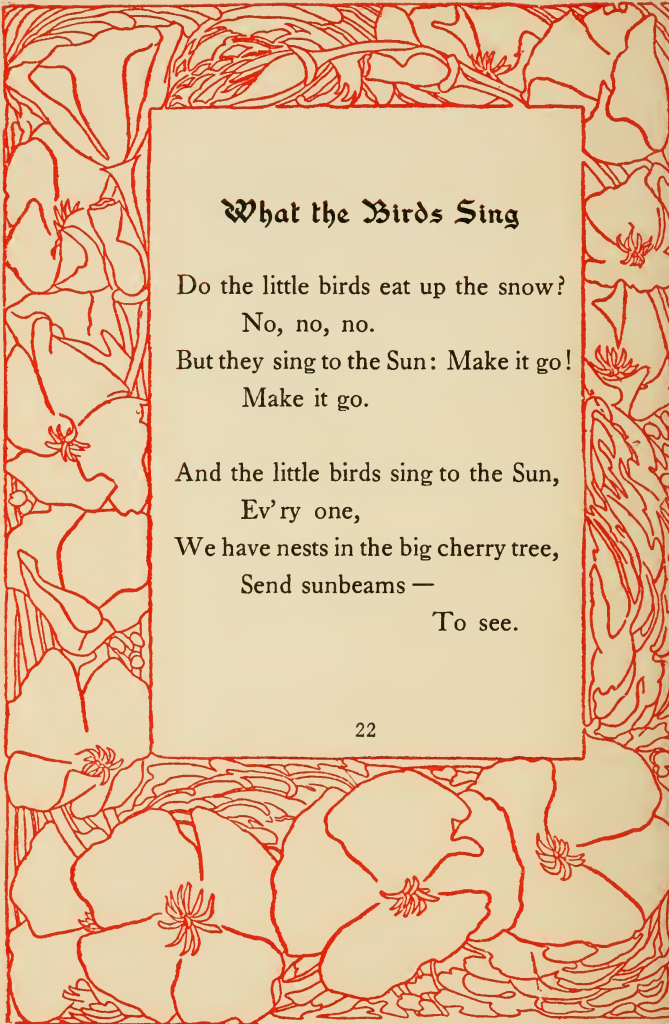
I've placed thee in a crystal vase,
As clear as crystal vase can be,
Hold high thy pretty yellow heads,
While I a story tell to thee.



Once up each side a garden path
Two lines of daffodils did stray,
Two golden chains of memory
That link my childhood with today.

Up to an old colonial house,
From gate to doorsill, side by side,
Were daffodils in yellow gowns,
Gay daffodils, New England's
pride.

A little girl stood in the door,
O! dearest blossoms 'neath the sky,
Her heart was filled with love for
thee,
O, daffodils! that girl was I.



What the Birds Sing

Do the little birds eat up the snow?

No, no, no.

But they sing to the Sun: Make it go!

Make it go.

And the little birds sing to the Sun,

Ev'ry one,

We have nests in the big cherry tree,

Send sunbeams —

To see.



For the Boy is Away

July Fourth

No noisy crackers to buy this year,
No danger of cannon small to fear,
For the boy is away.

No young sun-browned hands the flag
to fling
From casement high — a fluttering
wing,
For the boy is away.

No powder-grimed hands and face
this year,
But sobs for me, and many a tear,
For the boy is away.





June

The clover fields
Are a-bloom today;
With the weight of bees
The blossoms sway,
Red blossoms of clover fields.

From an unseen where,
On an unseen way,
Sunlight and shadows,
Now gold, now gray
Flit over the clover fields.

While yellow bees drone
A lazy tune
All about honey —
For oh! it is June,
And red are the clover fields.



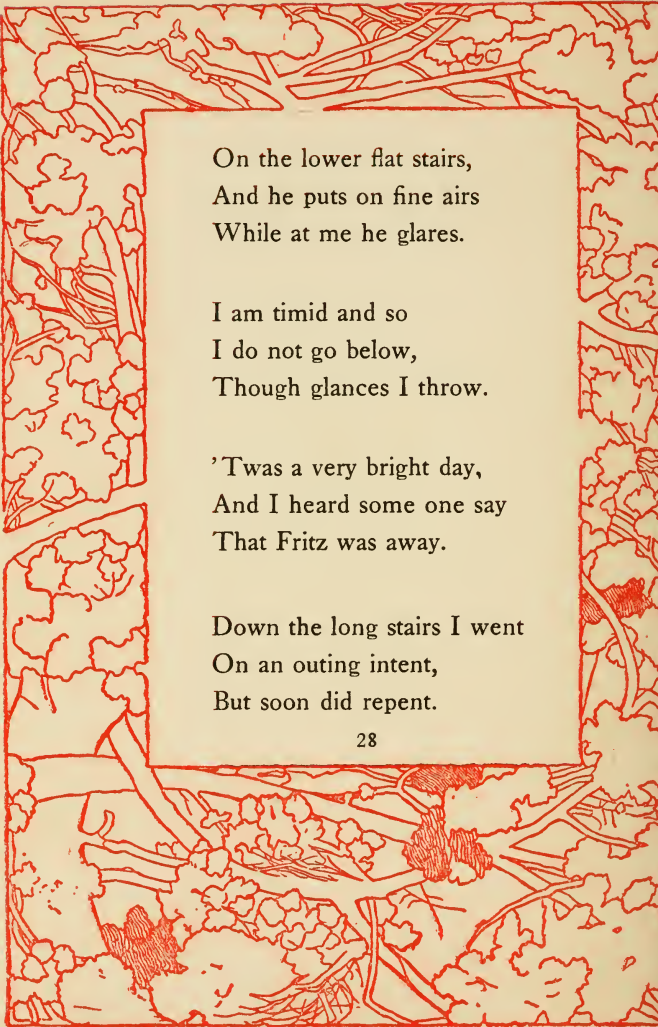


Neighbors

I reside in a flat —
As unlucky a cat —
As e'er caught a rat.

'Tis an upper flat too,
With a very fine view,
And really quite new.

I've a neighbor called Fritz —
Who's a thoroughbred Spitz;
He oftentimes sits



On the lower flat stairs,
And he puts on fine airs
While at me he glares.

I am timid and so
I do not go below,
Though glances I throw.

'Twas a very bright day,
And I heard some one say
That Fritz was away.

Down the long stairs I went
On an outing intent,
But soon did repent.

Fritz was home all the same—
That is why I am lame,
And Fritz is to blame.





Spanish Match Boy

Over his shoulder a big brown sack,
“Mat-chees — Mat-chees!
Lady, not one have I sold today,
Buy, please — buy, please!”

Picturesque boy, he stood in the door,
“Mat-chees — Mat-chees!”
Brown soulful eyes that implore,
implore —
“Buy, please — buy, please!”

Sad little fellow in ragged clothes,
Patched knees — patched knees —
“I sell for Madre — Padre is dead —
Buy please — buy please —
Mat-chees — Mat-chees!”

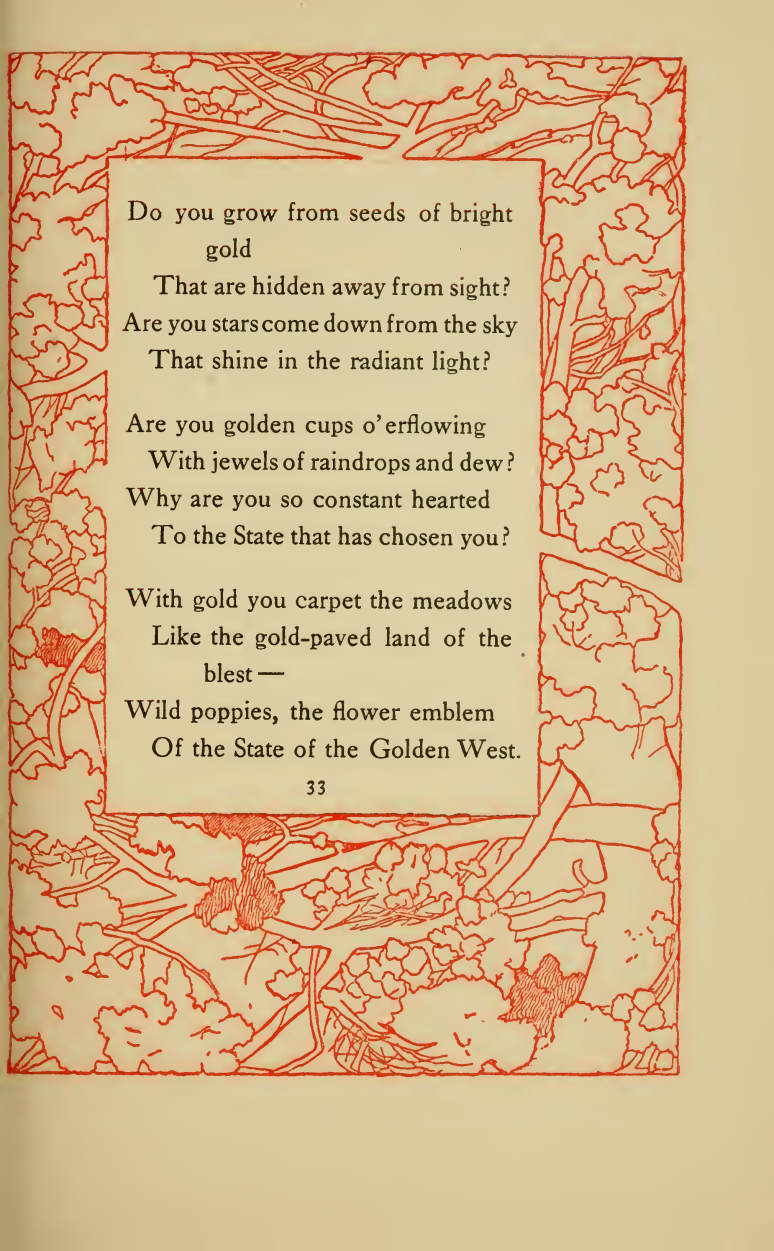




Wild Poppies

Beautiful golden wild poppies
That nod in the soft summer air,
Well were you chosen the emblem
Of land of all lands most fair.

Who planted you, golden poppies?
Were you here when the world
was new?
Were you painted by the morning?
Do you mirror the sunset's hue?



Do you grow from seeds of bright
gold
That are hidden away from sight?
Are you stars come down from the sky
That shine in the radiant light?

Are you golden cups o'erflowing
With jewels of raindrops and dew?
Why are you so constant hearted
To the State that has chosen you?

With gold you carpet the meadows
Like the gold-paved land of the
blest —
Wild poppies, the flower emblem
Of the State of the Golden West.

Japanese Feast of Kites

Our Kites we fly
Up to the sky
 With a merry tune.
Message we send
Without an end
 Unto the moon.



Fishing

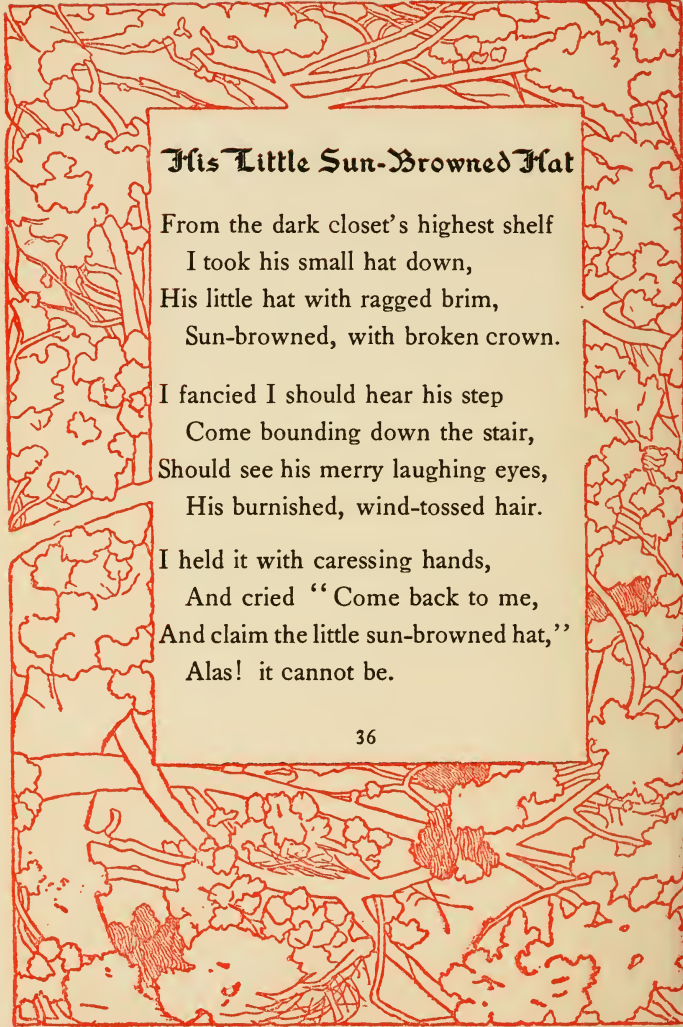
The moonlight cold and still
In net-like, golden bars
Lies on the waters blue
To catch reflected stars.



Away From Home

Beautiful butterfly, brown and white,
With spots of black and gold,
Why are you here in the city's street,
The city so sombre and old?

The roses red and the roses white
That climb on the garden wall,
To my clover field a message sent,
And I came at their loving call.



His Little Sun-Browned Hat

From the dark closet's highest shelf
I took his small hat down,
His little hat with ragged brim,
Sun-browned, with broken crown.

I fancied I should hear his step
Come bounding down the stair,
Should see his merry laughing eyes,
His burnished, wind-tossed hair.

I held it with caressing hands,
And cried "Come back to me,
And claim the little sun-browned hat,"
Alas! it cannot be.



I Wonder Why?

This morning as I sat upon the steps,
A stranger looked at me and said
“Blue Violets,”

I wonder why?

My teacher looked at me most sweet
today,

And said, “Sometimes God lets an
angel cheer our way,”

I wonder why?

And Jesus Christ who loves the world
so much —

Said of a little child, “My Kingdom
is of such,”

I wonder why?



Picture

Colonial Christmas Eve

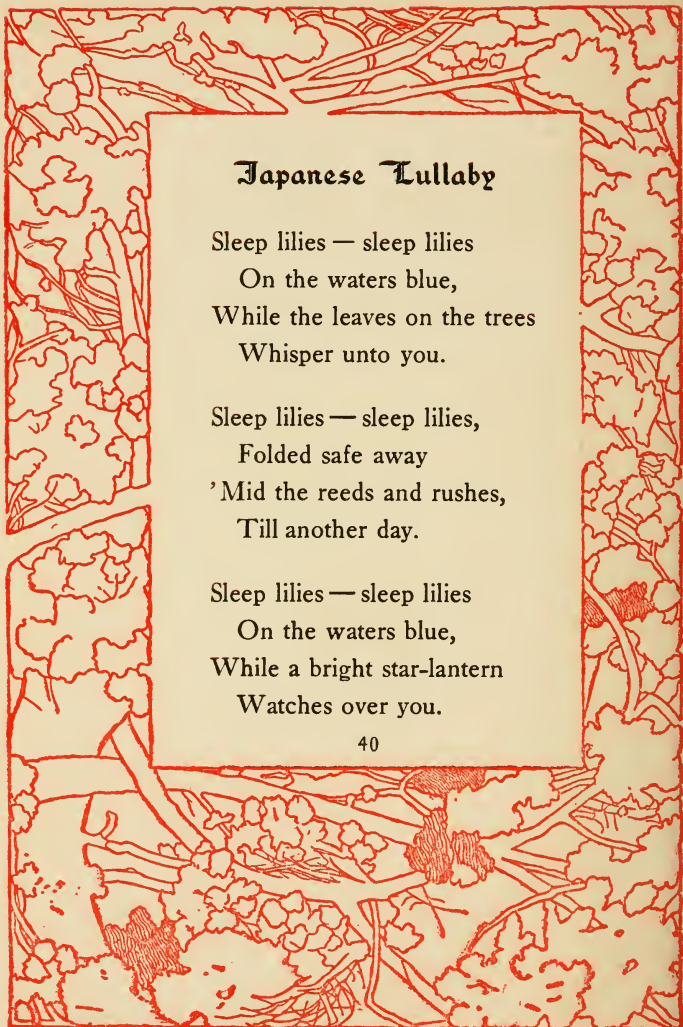
An ancient clock in the corner stands,
There are pewter dishes on dresser tall,
And fire-arms of the old-time war
Are crossed together upon the wall.

A silver pathway the moonlight makes
In slanting brightness upon the floor,
And the fitful flare of firelight
Casts wild, weird shadows upon the
door.

Into the window a rose bush peeps,
Wrapped in a mantle of fleecy snow,
And the house cat in a high-backed
chair,
Sleeps in the firelight's cheerful glow.

Before two stockings of scarlet wool,
With tender light in her eyes of
brown,
Stands a mother slight and young
and fair,
In snowy kerchief and homespun
gown.





Japanese Lullaby

Sleep lilies — sleep lilies
On the waters blue,
While the leaves on the trees
Whisper unto you.

Sleep lilies — sleep lilies,
Folded safe away
'Mid the reeds and rushes,
Till another day.

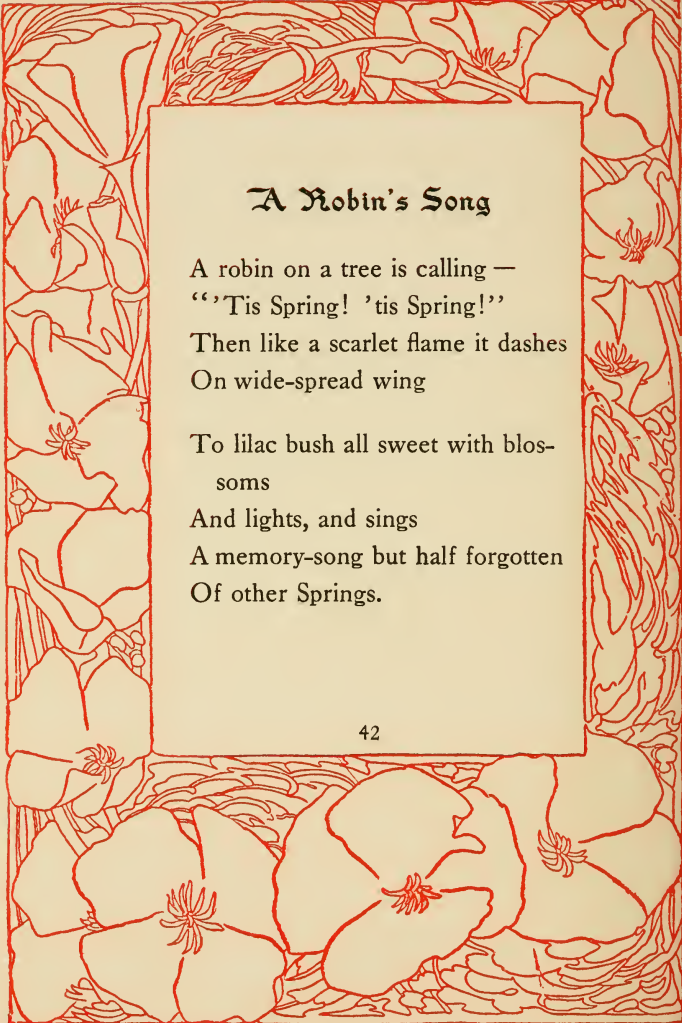
Sleep lilies — sleep lilies
On the waters blue,
While a bright star-lantern
Watches over you.



Dance of the Fireflies

The fireflies have a dance tonight,
Rice-fields and rivers are all alight.
Fireflies are but stars on the wing,
Summer night dancers—ting-a-ling-
ling!





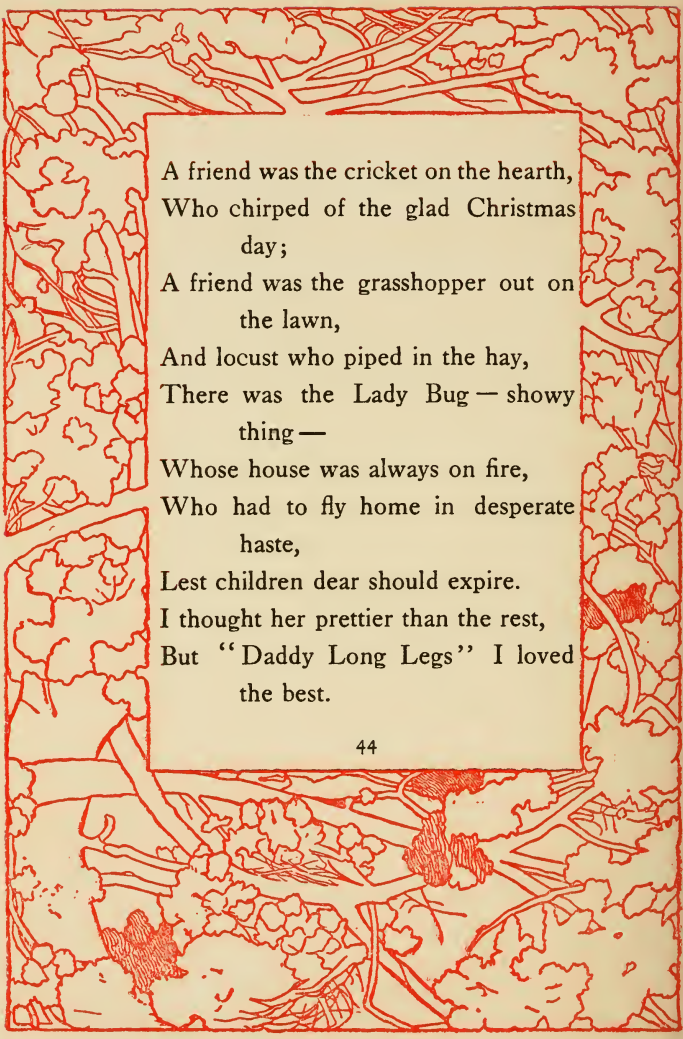
A Robin's Song

A robin on a tree is calling —
“’Tis Spring! ’tis Spring!”
Then like a scarlet flame it dashes
On wide-spread wing
To lilac bush all sweet with blossoms
And lights, and sings
A memory-song but half forgotten
Of other Springs.



Insect Friends

I love the butterflies — pretty things —
And the bees that never will rest;
But of all the insects — do not laugh,
I love “Daddy Long Legs” the best.
Such a little gray man with so many
legs,
That roamed through my childhood’s
hours,
Sometimes on the ceiling high he’d
stray,
Sometimes on the garden flowers,
He never bit me — I had no fear,
And I always called him “Daddy
dear.”



A friend was the cricket on the hearth,
Who chirped of the glad Christmas
day;

A friend was the grasshopper out on
the lawn,

And locust who piped in the hay,
There was the Lady Bug — showy
thing —

Whose house was always on fire,
Who had to fly home in desperate
haste,

Lest children dear should expire.

I thought her prettier than the rest,
But “Daddy Long Legs” I loved
the best.



“For Violets Are Sweet”

“Buy my violets, lady,
For violets are sweet,”
Pleaded a soft Italian voice
Upon the city street.

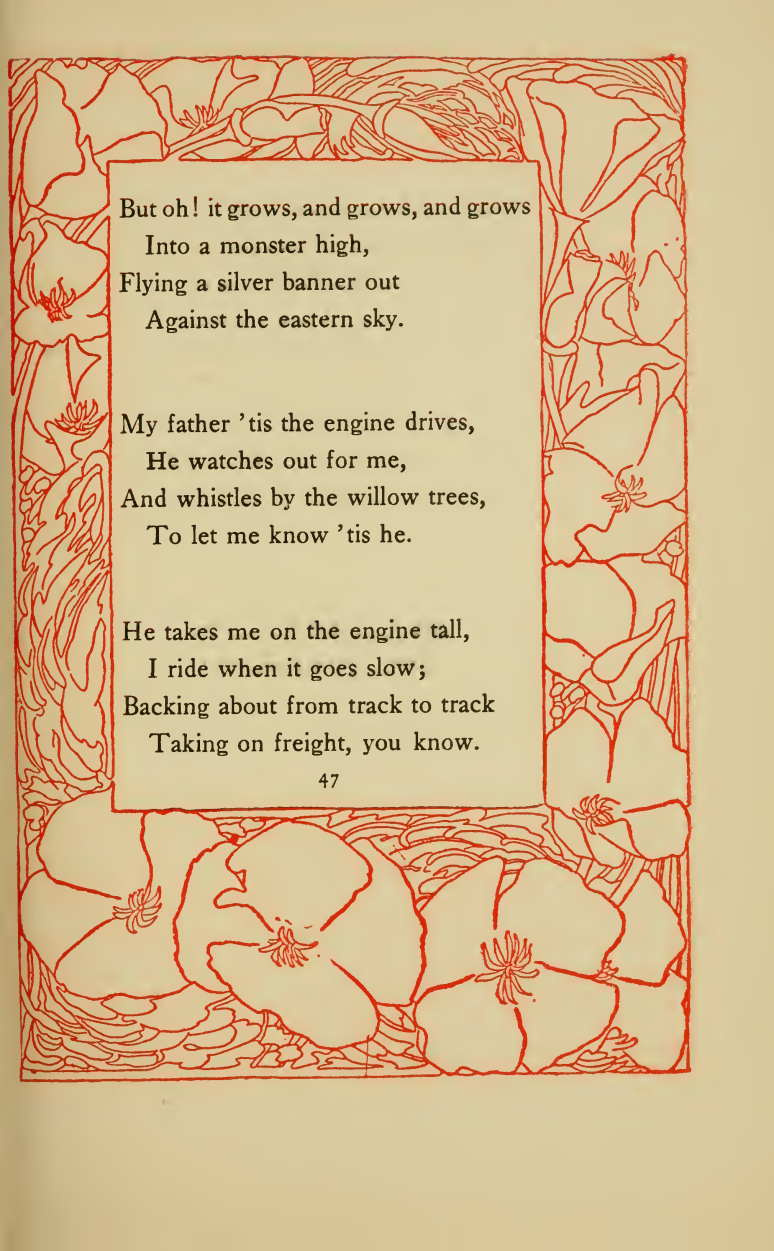
O! voice and eyes pathetic
Of boy upon the street,
I filled my hands with violets,
“For violets are sweet.”



The Engineer's Little Daughter

Where far away the two long tracks
Seem running into one,
I watch and watch for father's train
At setting of the sun.

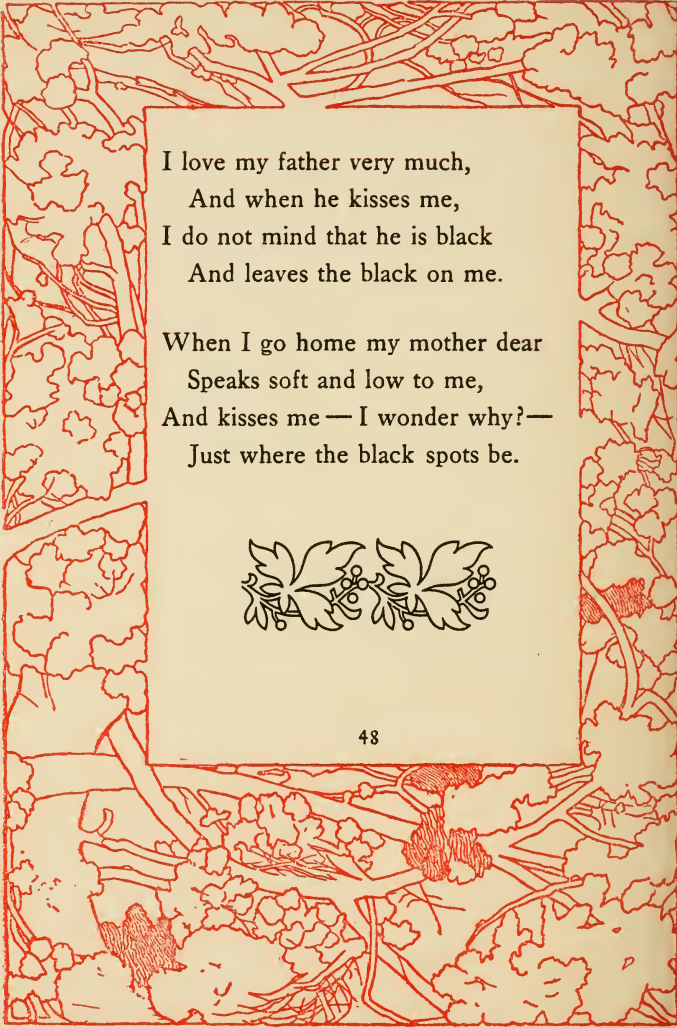
I seem a giant as I stand
My shadow at my side;
The engine just a tiny dot
Upon the prairie wide.



But oh! it grows, and grows, and grows
Into a monster high,
Flying a silver banner out
Against the eastern sky.

My father 'tis the engine drives,
He watches out for me,
And whistles by the willow trees,
To let me know 'tis he.

He takes me on the engine tall,
I ride when it goes slow;
Backing about from track to track
Taking on freight, you know.



I love my father very much,
And when he kisses me,
I do not mind that he is black
And leaves the black on me.

When I go home my mother dear
Speaks soft and low to me,
And kisses me — I wonder why?—
Just where the black spots be.





Sing A Song

Sing a song, sing a song in the
morning,

For the night has vanished away.

Sing a song, sing a song in the
morning,

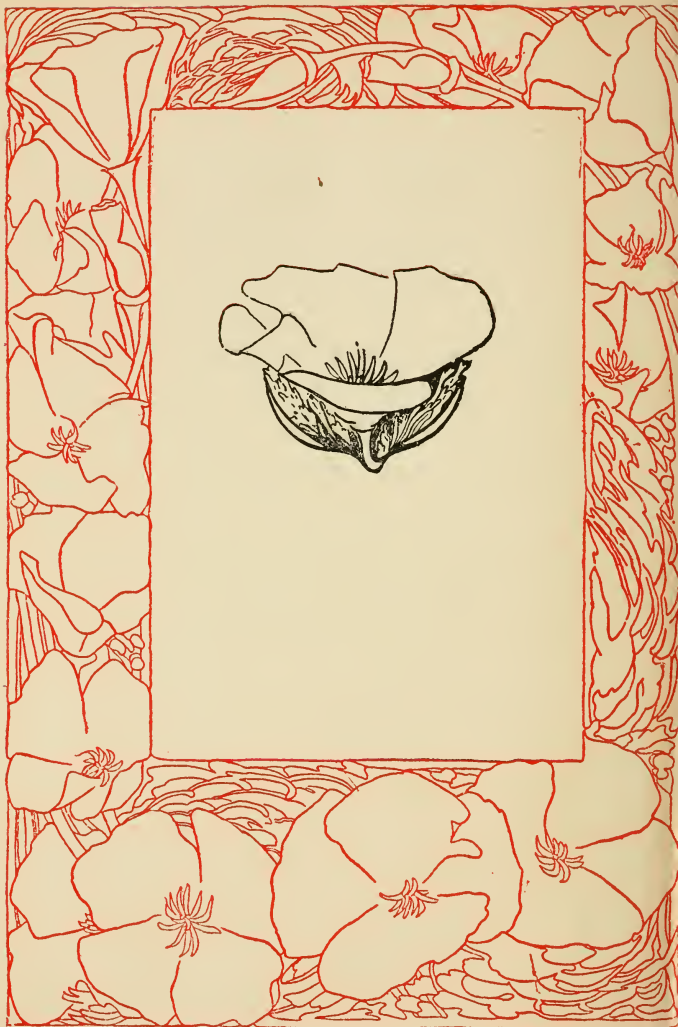
A song to the beautiful day.

Sing a song, sing a song in the
evening,

Thou hast been His care all the
day,

Sing a song, sing a song in the
evening,

A farewell to beautiful day.



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